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HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

(From the German of F. Von Uland.)

Three Bürschen crossed over the Rhine's rolling flood,
To where the neat cottage of Frau Wirthin stood;
"Frau Wirthin, still have you good wine and fresh beer,
"And where is the fair maid we used to see here?"

"My wine and my beer, they are fresh still and clear,
"Ask not for my daughter, she lies on her bier;"
Then quickly they entered the chamber behind,
Where lay the sweet maid in her coffin reclined.

The first youth uplifted the pall from the face,
And he looked on the corpse, with a sorrowing gaze.
"Alas! lovely maid, would that life were still thine!"
"How fond and how ardent a love would be mine."

The second he drew back the pall o'er the dead,
And the big tears gush'd forth, as the youth turned his head.
"Alas! that thou liest, a corpse on the bier,
"My heart's secret idol for many a year."

But the third knelt down by that bier with a thrill,
And he kiss'd the cold lips, all so marble and still:
"I ever have loved thee—I love thee to-day,
"And my heart shall adore thee, till time pass away."

SHAHIR.

THE MEMORY OF BLUCHER.

BY KELLSTAL

There was a bold trooper, and well did he know
To manage his mettlesome steed;
His sabre he swung with a vigorous blow,
And the squadron he well knew to lead.
And ever the foremost in onset was he:
"Hurrah," would he cry, "my brave hearts follow
me;"
"We fight for our country, see yonder her foe,"
This trooper so gallant and brave did I know.

There was a stout captain, and smiling would he
Meet death in the war's fierce rattle;
His banner led ever to victory,
We called him the Lion-of-Battle.
With glory he shone, as a star in the sky,
And we followed him truly, we followed with joy,
For as dear to our hearts as our Mädchen's* was he;
This captain so valiant was well known to me.

The hero of freedom was known to us all,
He sleeps on a bed of laurel;
This hero we used "father Blucher" to call,
For he settled full many a quarrel.
The chains of the Frank, he rent them in twain,
For he loved that his free country, free should remain;
But now he's laid low, and he sleeps in the grave:
We all knew this hero—our Blucher the brave!

SHAHIR.

HORÆ ITALICÆ.

We are devoted admirers of Horace: a fair friend
who knows our pensliest, complained to us the other
day, that she could discover no poetry in the English
translations of him she had met with. We hope that
softened down to

Syllables that breathe of the sweet south,
he may meet with more favour.

Persico odi, puer, apparatus;
Displacit nexæ phylar coronam:
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myro nihil allabores
Sedulus, cura: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bidentem.

TRANSLATION.

Con fato Persico
Le mense ornatae
Sdegna l'ingenua
Semplicitate.
Non odorifere
Ghirlande elette
Vogl' io da nobile
Bel d'occe stretta.
E tu non chiedere,
In qual giardino
Tardo risuonilli
Fior porporino.
Mortella semplice
Solo m' è cara,
Sol questa, o vigile
Fanciul, prepara.
No, sconvenevole
Per me non è

Il mirtoto semplice
Non è per te;
Per te, che mecerimi
De vin spumante
Dei larghe ciotole
Coppiero e fante;
Per me che bevere
Il vino prezzo
Sotto pampinea
Vite ho dilecto.

Ehen! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti selecta.
Afferat, indomitaque morti.
Non, si trecenti, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacryamabilem
Plutona caurus; qui ter amplum
Geryonem, Tityronem tristi
Compeccit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quincunque terra minore vescitur,
Enaviganda; sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frusta cruento Marte carbinus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adrie:
Frusta per Antium noscentem
Corporibus metuum Austrum.
Visendum aet flumine languido
Cocytus errans, et Danai genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Sisyphus errans. #Solides laboris.
Lingueda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, preter invias expressos.
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Cœcum dignior
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potioem cemis.

TRANSLATION.

Ahimè trapassa, o Postume,
L'ètta fugace e lieve,
Nè pietata le squallide
Rughe o del crin la neve
Ritarda, o il braccio forte.
De l' indomabil morte
Non, se quanti di ruotano,
Trentoco tori offrissi,
Potresti il più ritoccare
Da q' infernali abissi,
Nè il tiranno si placa
De la magione opaca.
El Certon tergeminio,
E Tizio immenso affrena
Da la riviera stigia
Se l' infocata arena.
Il fatal guado varca
E bitolco e monarca.
Marte di sangue fido
Eviteremo invano;
In van del mare Adriaco
Il roco flutto insano
E a le membra fatale
L' umid Ostro autunnale.
Vedremo la pigræ e torbida
Corrente di Cocito,
E le figlie di Danao
Con Sisifo punito.
Che in cima al monte posa
La pietra ruinosa.
Lasciar dobbiamo e patri
Tetti e la moglie amante,
E a te padron fuguevole
Da queste colte pianta
Niuna verrà dappresso
Fuor del feral cipresso
Piu degno erede il Cœcubo,
Che serba cento chiavi
Nè a rane pontificie
Invada i van soavi,
Spargerà librale
Su le marmoree sale.

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE INGENIOUS AND
VALOROUS KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

A Romance from the Spanish.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

With jaws that creak, like when you break tough
stick across a stone,
La Mancha's knight, Don Quixote hight, by sickness
overthrown,
With target covered o'er, whilst formed his buckler
broad his bed,
Like tortoise from its shell outheaved from its steel
case his head.
With screaming voice, which makes sad noise, as the
notary he sees near,
Through toothless jaws, for lack of teeth, he speaks
that all may hear:
"Good Sir, I prithee well to write this my last testa-
ment,
Which to posterity, I trust, shall be by heaven's help
sent.

"And that to it, entire your wit, you will so goodly
grant,
As sense you'll have to say for me, when I myself well
can't;
And first, I to the earth, as food, bequeath beneath my body free,
Which from its lankness well I wis, a mouthful will
not be.

My good sword's sheath, I next bequeath, as coffin
for said corse,
As large it is, and wide enough, and never wish I worse;
And then embalmed, I bid them leave it in the church
alone,
And this inscription deeply grave on my sepulchral
stone.

"Here dwells in death, this tomb beneath, Don Quixote,
past all praise,
Who wrongs redressed, and wicked wights made walk
in virtue's ways."

To Sancho next the isles I give, which I fierce fighting
got;
They insulte him at the least, if they enrich him not.

"To Rozinante, bequeath I can't, less than what God
has given,
The fields and floods, the meads and woods, bestowed
on beasts by heaven;
And evil chance I pray for him and withering age for
her,
And grief and bitterness, who gares his calm repose to
stir.

"I leave the Moor, enchanted sore, who pummelled me
at the inn,
The cuffs he there bestowed on me, with interest
also in:
To the muleteers, the many kicks which on back and
breast they gave,
To clear my conscience full and well, I cheerfully now
leave.

"To that maiden bright, Dulcinea hight, when her
comeliness decays,
A hundred loads of wood I leave, to warm her wintry
days.
To the tenter hook in the hall I leave my sheathless
sword to hang,
Let nothing ever touch its sheen, save the rust's un-
sparing fang.

"Next my lance, a broom to sweep the room, and the
cobwebs of the roof,
Like good St. George, I leave—from that let all things
be aloof! *My breast-plate, gorget, gauntlets grim, my helm and
visor, all
Inherits he who when I'm gone, himself my heir may
call.

"And for the rest, 'tis my behest, that all my worldly
store,
Shall be to rescue princesses, and other good given o'er;
And that in lieu of masques long, my death they celebrate,
With joust and tourney, tilt and throng, and every
knightlyfeat.

"And now I leave, (may Christ them save,) my execu-
tors to fulfil,
Don Belianis, Phebus' knight, Las Zergas lord, this
will!—
Here Sancho, who long time had watched all that the
knight had said,
With bitter voice and rugged speech, his troubled mind
outrayed.

"Good master mine, thy tongue confine, for where thou
goest I wot,
To tell thy God all thy ill deeds, befits such nonsense
not;
But take thou counsel from thy squire, poor Sancho,
who sad stands
Beside thy bolster, weeping wild, and wringing hard
his hands.

"And leave these Sirs, executors, your own con-
fessor first,
Next the mayor Auton, and the goat-herd rich, to take
on them their trust,
And leave alone your knights and lords, as of them
enough you've said,
And straight send for some pious priest to lend his holy
aid."

"Thou counsellor'st well, I needs must tell," quoth the
Don, with wavering voice,
"But hast, bid Beltenebros come, ere of that I make
my choice."

Just then appeared at the chamber door, with the host
high in his hand,
The curate in his surplice white, and his sacerdotal
band.

And the dying knight, when he saw this sight, cried
aloud to all about,
"This the great magician," and he strives to speak him
out,
But fails him head, heart, strength, sight, lip, and life,
Departed then the notary quick, and the priest prayed
o'er his pall.

* The poor knight here appeared to be perfectly in-
sensate.